

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WORKING FOR SOMEBODY

What do you get for your work? is often asked of a man. But few persons inquire: What do you give for what you get?

"If you have a man working for you it makes a great deal of difference to you whether he is watching you all the time to see whether you give him the best possible pay for his work, or watching himself a little to see whether he gives you the best possible work for his pay.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JERRY'S COURAGE

Jerry Thomas was naturally timid. Everybody knew that. Thunder made him tremble and he couldn't help it. To him the terrific power of an electric storm was awe-inspiring and his own helplessness was so manifest that he felt a mere atom in a vast sea of power.

POOR BUILDING MATERIAL

When an architect plans a great building and specifies the dimensions of pillars, arches and walls, he has to be guided by a knowledge of the strength of the material he is to use.

GENTLEMEN

Perhaps these are rarer personages than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small?

HOW HE KNEW

A certain young man's friend thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

OUR THOUGHTS

We are as our thoughts are. If they are vile, we are vile. If we harbor them, they will abide with us, and will master us. They will show in our faces and dull our eyes and make us slouch and shamble in our walk.

hope for the future, charity for all mankind, presently we are walking erect with trim steps, looking all the world in the eye and smiling until upon our faces our inner life writes only pleasant lines.

A MAN'S TEST A man is tested by what he cannot live without. Some men cannot live without soft beds and luxurious houses and expensive food and the applause of men.

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As he grew older he conquered his fear by forcing himself to argue in his own mind: "God made the storm. He made it for a purpose and will direct it. I have nothing to fear."

"As afraid as Jerry Thomas," was a common expression at school, and although it made him flush angrily sometimes, he never fought it out with his fists as some of the rest would have done.

The children's mother, suddenly missing her babies and hurrying to find them, had come in sight of the whole scene too late to give any assistance.

In the terrible anxiety and the sudden relief over the rescue of her darlings she turned strangely dizzy and went down in a crumpled heap on the grass. It was thus Jerry found her when his strength, which somehow left him for a moment, came back and he pulled the frightened twins up the bank.

When the medal for distinguished heroism in life saving was received in Cartersville the boy was presented to Jerry Thomas there were none who cheered more heartily than Ned, Tom and Bob, and to the lasting credit of the whole school through their principal, Professor Powers, they expressed their pride in the bravery of their companion who was not afraid to face death for his fellow-beings.

Just below Elm street the railway suddenly crosses from between sloping banks and crosses Park street on its way to the station. Jerry always stood up and looked both ways before he crossed that track. The boys had poked fun at him several times when they saw him do it, but Jerry knew that should the horse be killed or the wagon injured, he never could replace it and his mother would have an added burden.

This particular day Ned Brown, Tom Evans and Rob Sanders had jumped in to the back of the empty wagon as it passed the ball field. It was dinner time and they could ride down town with Jerry as well as not.

ON SOME OBSTACLES—THE FIRST (By John Ayscough, in 'The Universe, London.) Cardinal Newman, in one of the most beautiful, as it was one of the most brilliant, of his works, dealt long ago with certain difficulties felt by Anglicans in Catholic teaching.

There have been, no doubt, conscientious inquiries after truth, whose inquiries have led them to the consideration of the Catholic claims, but who for a time have found in some one or more of those claims some one or more of those obstacles to conversion, they however, having been in earnest, have, as a matter of fact, usually ended by submission to the Church, because, instead of turn-

GILLETTS PERFUMED LYE "GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT" For cleaning and disinfecting—For softening water—For disinfecting closets, drains and sinks—and 500 other purposes.

ing away in annoyance, they have subjected the claim which seemed obvious to a more deep and serious, more patient, and more candid scrutiny, often with the result that the very thing which had looked at first like an insurmountable bar to conversion supplied at last its special and irresistible motive. The dogmatic infallibility of the Church and of her visible head on earth is an instance; in many cases the inquirer, strongly attracted by other distinctively Catholic doctrines, has been for a long time repelled by this claim, has confronted it with repugnance and dislike, with an almost angry sense of resentment, up in arms against what he thinks its arrogance; and yet in the long run, after taking the trouble to understand its real meaning, and to weigh the reasons offered in support of it, he has come not only to admit the claim, but to feel that only the Church which makes it can be the very Church of Christ.

TO TEST THEIR TRUTH AND REASONABLENESS

We may feel sure, as I do for one, that all real inquirers who have been in earnest from the beginning, and have continued in earnest, not flagging nor turning aside from the search as too laborious, too epigonal or too inconvenient, that all those, I say, who have patiently gone on submitting the Catholic claims to deep and careful scrutiny, with no other desire than to test their truth and reasonableness, and with a full resolve to accept those claims on conviction, having finally been convinced.

WHAT IS TRUTH? But all who ask questions are not inquirers in this sense. "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer, writes Lord Verulam. There are many that cry out, "Why does the Catholic Church teach such things?" who have reached the answer with as much trepidation as Pilate himself.

They hold fast to their position because it is easy and convenient, not on account of any reasoned confidence that there it is they should be. Their obstacles to conversion are not allowed; nevertheless, some of them may be surmised. Those obstacles are many and grave. Perhaps the Four Notes of the Church involve some of them.

Obviously, we are not now speaking of the earnest and devout Anglican who merely holds back from the Church because, with his heels caught fast in the tangled net of "Continuity," he believes himself a Catholic already, so long as he remains in England or confines his trips abroad to Scandinavia, the Lutheran States of Germany, or the Calvinistic cantons of Switzerland; he confesses, poor fellow, that he falls into schism by taking the Galais boat, and remains schismatic while he is still being there in France, or south of the Alps and the Pyrenees, in Austria or Hungary, the Catholic half of Germany, or in Belgium; and yet he much prefers Belgium to Holland, and is far fonder of unpacking his neat schismatic trunk in Rome than in Berlin or Copenhagen. He does not seem at all attracted by the wise principle advocated by Luttrell, who said, in answer to the appeal for advice of a gentleman complaining that a fellow clubman threatened to kick him downstairs: "Your only plan is to remain—scated—on the ground floor!"

We are not speaking of the earnest and the devout, but it is not only to the devout and earnest outsider that the Catholic Church and her claims are irritating and unwelcome. She is highly objectionable to many very different persons, who would have no great grudge against her were she herself altogether different.

For instance, there are the Four Notes of the Church. She must be One—Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic. There's a tiresome thing! One: if she said none they wouldn't mind—it is very much their own idea. But "One"—that is to say, that there is one; that in this world there really is a true Church placed there by God, and not the result of a mere clause in some bill introduced by some legislative body, as a Lunacy Board might be. That here and now, in this democratic age (not that all these, our friends, are in love with democracy) there is one Church existing, "Voluntate Dei non desidia hominum," as poor Cardinal York said of himself on his medals; a Church given by God and not existing by the mere indifferent tolerance of the people. Obviously, one God could only authorize one such Church; but why have any such?

One Church implies such a lot. One Church plainly infers one truth, which scores and hundreds of churches do not in the least; and one truth is as much as to say that there is an unchangeable, definite, knowable truth in the world, which would almost imply the tedious obligation of ascertaining and believing it; whereas it is the prerogative of the twentieth century to believe what you like, especially if you like to believe nothing in particular, or if, with true large-mindedness, you concede the inherent blackness of black, and the esoteric whiteness of white. So long as there may be fifteen hundred churches, a practical man would be quite willing to belong to them all—as an honorary member, not expected to contribute to their expenses. But once admit that there is One Church, and there's an end of tolerance and comfort; an end, indeed, to self-respect, for you've got to belong to it, or you're (so to speak) inferior, and to be inferior is quite untenable in an age of universal equality, where everybody is clutching at personal and impregnable superiority.

NOT A SOCIAL IDEA

One Church is not a social idea; there is something very pleasantly social in the conception of a multitude of churches, all drinking tea with one another, and politely listening to each other in the hope of getting the floor at last, and being, with a little patience, the last speaker. Rightly considered, the plan of a good many churches lends itself neatly to the great modern duty of advertisement—advertisement implies competition—would the inventor of Green Pills for Grim People spend a million per annum in advertising if there were no other pills? Competition is the great thing for churches, too; it puts them on their mettle, and forces each to proclaim that it is not super-fatted like an inferior soap. And yet there's a giver and taker in it; where there are thousands of churches each can, while deftly insinuating its own advantages, put in a graceful word for some church less blest.

One Church is not a social idea, nor modern. It involves a hectoring, supernatural claim, and the supernatural is obsolete; nor does the contemporary world like to be hectored by its clergy, it prefers to hector them. The position of the clergy is to take your money (when it can find you at home, and get it) and be have accordingly—play your tune, when you've paid the piper.

SUPERANNUATED

One Church is an archaic notion—almost as bad as the Old Testament, when the Hebrew kings and people were liable to constant irruptions of the Deity or His prophets into daily life, in unfettered denunciation of their little lapses—an intolerable state of things that must have been keenly felt then, and never could be contemplated for a moment now by the high spirited modern peoples with their own cheap and convenient divorce courts to secure the sanctity of their homes, and their myriad pulpits (seasoned to every conceivable palate) to tell everybody who agrees with them exactly what true religion means. One Church is an old-fashioned phrase, involving an out-of-date origin. What one wants is something new—the fruit of the times. Novelty is stimulating, it has a twang about it. Nobody would now read novels published under Tiberius, or sit out plays nineteen centuries old; it's a bold thing in a church to stick in the same place, and say the same things, for ever and ever. It shows an unpractical mind, a failure to grasp the contemporary taste. Are folks so fond of going to church that they will go to hear old things when they wouldn't do as much even for a theatre? One Church means the same Church all the while and nobody wants the same things that did for his father, or for himself when he was young. He wants brand-new things, brand-new ideas, brand-new principles—One Church means the same old Church, with the same antiquated rules and principles; is it any wonder that the same medieval king annoyed with oil was expected to conform?

BEST AND MOST EARNEST

The unity of the Church no doubt does appeal with extreme force to many of the best and most earnest of those outside of it: as they show by recurrent schemes for Re-union: but there are many outside who really resent the idea of One Church, universal and indivisible, because that idea is destructive of the many existent churches with demonstrably human origins.

NEW DEVOTION TO OUR LADY

A number of English Catholic ladies, among whom are Lady Day and Miss Janoth, the famous pianist, have banded together to forward a new devotion to Our Lady. The ladies pledge themselves to a series of acts of piety and charity in honor of Our Lady. Commencing with a Magnificat on waking, they attend Mass and receive Communion, say the Litany of Loretto at midday, an extra Angelus and the Rosary in the evening. In addition to this each lady pledges herself to wear blue and white on that day, and to sell sprigs of white heather to her friends, the proceeds to go to a fund under the patronage of Our Lady. White heather is chosen as the flower which grows nearest heaven in these latitudes. The idea is a pretty one for leisured women with a Catholic circle of friends about them.

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